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Advance or Atrophy

HAVING got the worst of his broadcast duel with the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill permitted himself to be over-persuaded by the more prudent members of his shadow Cabinet. After all, there was no vote of censure this week and no necessity to drag Sir Stafford Cripps and the other invalids [to the Division Lobbies. Party loyalty, which in this Parliament has turned too many debates into a synthetic exhibition of polemics, could be relaxed; and backbenchers felt rather less inhibition than usual in expressing their personal convictions. No one, however, could draw the conclusion that the international crisis has bridged party differences and transformed Parliament into a harmonious Council of State. Indeed, when it begins to affect living conditions, rearmament should have the reverse effect.

Early this summer, when for a few weeks it almost looked as if pre-war conditions were returning, there was a danger—or a hope?—that after the nationalisation of steel, no major issue would divide the parties. The Labour leaders had accomplished all their plans. As the policy statement, which they composed in this Indian summer, showed clearly enough, they had nothing constructive to offer the British people except the smoothing of the rough edges of the welfare economy which had emerged since 1940. It looked as though the impetus of British Socialism had nearly exhausted itself and the Labour Party was becoming the defender of a new *status quo*.

Ironically enough, the tragic process of rearmament, which is now being set in motion, will restore this Socialist impetus if Mr. Attlee and his colleagues permit it to do so. When they are really faced with the problems of how to finance rearmament, how to switch manpower and how to distribute the social burden, the House of Commons and the public opinion which it reflects will naturally divide on Socialist and anti-Socialist lines. In a period of returning prosperity, enthusiasm for the principles of fair shares and social equality inevitably decrease it; conversely, material shortages, social strains and national danger revive the sense of community and the resentment of privilege which are the dynamic of Socialism. For a short time the blitz made comrades of us all.

It would, of course, be possible for the Prime Minister to argue that, since the international situation demands national unity, the Government must deliberately avoid contentious measures. If he did so, the fate of the Labour Party would be sealed, as the fate of the Liberal Party was sealed in the first world war. So far, however, there is no sign that his leadership is failing in this way. He himself has not been afraid to challenge the reactionary alliance of British Conservatives and American Republicans on the issue of Formosa and the recognition of Communist China; and at home, he has instructed Mr. Strauss to go ahead with selecting the personnel of the Steel Board. So far, so good. National unity in 1950 cannot be achieved by dubbing Socialist principles controversial and putting them in cold storage by the sort of arrangement which Mr. Churchill forced on his Labour colleagues in 1940.

If the Prime Minister accepts this view, as we believe he does, his course is clear. In the debate this week he was mainly concerned with extemporary measures for accelerating rearmament and he could not explain the economic framework within which it will take place. But the rejection by the T.U.C. of wage restraint and the exposure at Brighton of the bankruptcy of the General Council's thinking shows that this framework must be rapidly constructed before the end of the year. At Margate in the first week of October the Labour leadership will have to make good the glaring defect of its recent policy statement by expounding a policy for wages, prices and profits. If that policy is as watery as that of the General Council of the T.U.C., the press will applaud the Prime Minister's eschewal of partisanship, and Mr. Churchill will know that against a divided and demoralised opponent his victory is sure. But if, as we hope, it is based on sound Socialist principles and includes the essential levy or tax on capital, British Socialism will achieve a new lease of life and Britain's contribution to Western defence will be soundly constructed. Such a policy would divide the House of Commons but it would unite the working people of this country behind the Government.

Over to Marshall

There is good news this week from both Lake Success and Washington. On the Security Council a proposal to hear a Pekin representative state the complaint of the Chinese Communist Government about American bombing of Chinese territory was defeated by only one vote. The significant fact was the new alignment of France alongside Britain on this issue. The natural deduction is that Mr. Bevin has succeeded in swinging M. Schuman to his side and that France will now vote for seating the Chinese Communists on the Security Council. The chance that,

during the lifetime of this year's Assembly, this change will take place is greatly increased by Mr. Truman's dramatic decision to sack Mr. Johnson and make Mr. Marshall Secretary of Defence. The reason why Mr. Johnson's dismissal will be acceptable with both parties in the U.S.A. is the inadequacy of America's defence preparations as revealed in Korea. Mr. Johnson had boasted too loudly that push-button war had made America invincible. But the real importance of the change is that it removes from Mr. Truman's Cabinet a strident representative of the China lobby and a leading exponent of the MacArthur line. It was Mr. Johnson who had demanded the "protection" of Formosa; and on the traditional question whether Pacific or Atlantic defence should receive priority, he had tended to support the Republican line. On both these points Mr. Marshall's record is irreproachable and there is the additional advantage that he reached his "Democratic" conclusions by a process of impartial military reasoning. It should be added that he is the only living American capable of sacking General MacArthur.

Wages and Rearmament

It was not a good Trades Union Congress. To throw wage-restraint to the winds—by 3,949,000 votes to 3,727,000, in a resolution calling also for statutory control of profits—and then to refuse even to discuss a resolution on national wage policy is not statesmanship but muddle-headedness. To pledge full support to the Korean war and to rearmament, and almost in the same breath to assume that there is a bigger cake to be divided among the consumers is evidence of a refusal to face realities. It is true that the agenda was drawn up and many of the delegations were in effect mandated before the present situation developed, but a strong leadership should have been able to persuade the Congress to face present realities. There was in fact no leadership—only rival groups of leaders pulling opposite ways, with the perpetual contrast between the two big general unions on the one hand and the main industrial unions on the other. It was good that Congress, in raising its scales of affiliation fees, decided to devote half of the income to helping forward trade unionism in the colonial areas: at least, it will be good, if the General Council does not allow itself to become an agency for sponsoring tame unions against those thought dangerous by the colonial governments. It was also good that Congress decided at last to devote some attention to educational courses for shop stewards and members of joint consultation committees.

These are small mercies in comparison with the evident lack of understanding of realities which the main debates displayed. Mr. Jack Tanner spoke boldly about the need of higher productivity as the sole way of raising the standard of life; but that did not prevent Congress from passing resolutions which implied that wages could be improved simply by diverting profits. We are not blaming Congress for failing to provide a workable wage-policy: as we said last week, such a task is beyond its powers or authority. We are blaming it for not putting the responsibility for framing such a policy—and a profits policy as well—squarely on the Government's shoulders, and for behaving, in most of its deliberations, as if it had not faced the Korean crisis and itself agreed to rearmament.

Science at Birmingham

Because the rewards of science are credit rather than cash, it is unreasonable to expect announcements of original discoveries at the British Association. Scientists cannot hoard their secrets for a year, as they could afford to do in the 19th century. To establish their priority, they must get publication through their learned societies or their scientific journals. The British Association, therefore, has become an annual survey of accomplishments for popular edification. Judged as such, the Birmingham Meeting—the 112th—was an outstanding success. It even managed to produce, in Bishop Barnes, echoes of the battles between Science and the Church, with the scientist-theologian doing a Hal o' the Wynd act and wielding his claymore in both camps. It would be difficult to say who were the more perturbed by his verbal swashbuckling, the theologians or the scientists. And judged by the three hundred papers and the million and a half words spoken (or mumbled with that disrespect for their students which academics extend to the public) British science is in full surge. That, however, may be misleading, because one of the disquieting under-currents of the Meeting was the serious dearth of science teachers. The attractions of research, in industry and in Government, are draining off the worth-while graduates from the schools. Something must be done about it. Without replenishment as school level, the water-table of British science will drop and the springs will dry up.

Communal Issue in India

The election of Mr. Tandon as the new President of Congress is the open sign of a conflict between Pandit Nehru and the Conservatives within the Congress Party. Mr. Tandon is not to be regarded as one of the more militant Hindu fanatics. He is rather a traditionalist who shows by his costume and habits of life that he stands for a return to the old ways and for an India which speaks Hindi and worships as its forefathers did. Pandit Nehru, who may feel that the danger to his own position is decreased now that intrigue has given way to a public political battle in which he can frankly appeal to his supporters, has responded with a challenge to the forthcoming meeting of Congress at Nasik to state clearly its policy about the communal question and about world and internal economic affairs. Mr. Tandon's election, he says, has been greeted with joy by the "communal and reactionary forces in the country." The battle is dangerous both for India and the world. Much of the good done by the meeting of the two Premiers earlier this year may be undone; communal violence is only just beneath the surface in many parts of India, most of all in Bengal, while in Kashmir, where negotiations have again failed, cold war could easily give way to hot, if the tribesmen once more threaten the mountain passes. It is a world misfortune that Pandit Nehru should be so deeply preoccupied at a moment when his combination of wisdom and detachment are so desperately needed for a Far Eastern settlement.

The Young Lord Hailsham

The young Lord Hailsham is smarting under the injustices of privilege. As Bertrand Russell found, to his ironical dismay, greatness can be thrust upon those who do not want to achieve it. The next in succession to any Englishman who is a hereditary member of the House of Lords, cannot remain a Commoner when the peer dies. Aristocratic privilege occasionally involves a decrease of liberty not for the unprivileged millions, but for the aristocrat himself. The full burden of this infringement of social equality falls only on the old English Aristocracy and the British Aristocracy created since the Act of Union in 1707. Typically enough, the ancient families of Scotland and Ireland, then politically united with the British, adopted a base elective device which still enables Lord Winterton (who is about to retire from politics at the age of eighty) to sit in the Commons so long as he chooses not to be nominated to the Lords by his Peers. The new Lord Hailsham is justified in exposing the inequity of a social system which ends an exciting and excitable career in the House of Commons and limits his chance of high office to the Lord Chancellorship or one of the two Secretaryships of State which must constitutionally be allotted to a peer. There is something sadly amiss when a brilliant ex-Etonian is deprived of his equality of opportunity to become Prime Minister.

Mr. Attlee in his reply gravely admitted that this injustice exists though he indicated that, in view of the rumpus about Sir John Black's hundred thousand, a Conservative could hardly ask for retroactive legislation to rectify it. Nepotism—even when it is the automatic nepotism of the peerage—is offensive to Socialists. But the young Lord Hailsham is an ardent exponent of Disraeli's romantic Conservatism, a defender of Church and State and of our ancient institutions against Socialist levelling. He should bear his elevation in the spirit of Lord Beaconsfield and in future correspondence he should remember that even an involuntary *noblesse* should *oblige*.

SETTLEMENT OF PRINTING DISPUTE

This week's issue, though only 16 pages, will have, it is hoped, normal distribution.

We apologise to the many thousands of readers who could not be supplied with last week's emergency issue. A small stock has been reserved and will be supplied to libraries and other bodies which especially wish to complete their files.

Next week we should be able to resume normal size and distribution, and, we hope, deal with such topics as the Defence debate in Parliament and the death of General Smuts, which are unavoidably neglected in an issue for which only one day was available for production.

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Dollars for Asia

THE dynamic in post-war Asia is nationalism, not the dollar. No conference, no plan can succeed unless this is accepted as a basic principle. The Asian delegates—from India, Pakistan and Ceylon—who are at present in London for a Commonwealth Conference on South and South-East Asia, are aware of this truth; it is to be hoped that they also impress it upon the delegates from Australia, New Zealand and Canada, and most necessary of all, upon our own Treasury experts.

Asian countries, and this applies above all to those which were only yesterday colonies of the West, are peasant countries with a low standard of production and of living, with unbalanced economies based on the need for quick profits for Western shareholders and with a high proportion of illiteracy and disease. Their first concern is to preserve their newly-won independence, which has released creative energies they had never known before, giving them a sense of purpose and a feeling of confidence. They are all determined to plan their economies; the unfair distribution of wealth in a capitalist economy has been demonstrated by the West, and they are fully aware of the dangers of war implicit in competition between capitalist Powers. Most of those in positions of responsibility in Asia to-day are young men who decide for themselves what they want from the West. For them Pekin and Moscow are magnets; they are suspicious of London, and even more of Washington. Many of them are Marxists, who have studied Mao Tse-tung's *The New Democracy* and believe that this represents an application of Marxist principles to the particular conditions of Asia.

How many of the experts who met in Colombo, then in Sydney and who are now conferring at the Treasury have read *The New Democracy* or are even aware of its importance? A training in capitalist economics, combined with an experience of Western industrialism and a confused sense of paternalism, is not the best basis for understanding the march of events in Asia. There is an obvious danger that the experts will become bogged in statistics and well-meant plans drawn up for supposedly complacent peasants. The peasant masses of Asia, illiterate though they are, judge such deliberations by deeds. In the post-war world the British Labour Government has recognised the independence of India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma and provided the equivalent of 1,775 million dollars to help them to develop their own countries. American capitalism, on the other hand, has spent 4,441 million dollars almost entirely on the support of rulers who no longer have roots in the countries they exploit, but who are ready to trade military bases in return for dollar subsidies. If the dollar has not so far been invested in the area now under discussion—South and South-East Asia—the reason is that these countries have not until recently been considered strategically important in the war against Communism.

The first part of the discussions will deal with the bureau which has been set up in Colombo to spend the sum of £8 million on technical co-operation. The money has been contributed by the Commonwealth Governments concerned, and it will be administered by a Council on which they are all represented. So far, so good. This is a genuine effort by people to help themselves. At the same time, the real issues can easily be obscured by administrative problems, both real and unreal. The essential problem is to win the confidence of the people themselves so that their newly awakened nationalism can be expressed and their released energies used to build a new society. How can they increase their productive power? What basis of co-operation can enable them to develop along the lines of their own traditions, but also in keeping with the Socialist planning which most of the young leaders of Asia are determined to apply?

Any scheme for technical co-operation will involve increasing the number of technical experts in the area; this means systematic training of engineers, agricultural scientists, sanitary experts, veterinaries, health officers, factory foremen. Thus one of the first considerations of the pool of technical experts from the Commonwealth must be the training of Asian personnel, both in short periods and in long. In the first instance it is not a question of advanced technicians, of highly-trained specialists in industry, health or education; it is far more important to encourage the latent energies of a widely distributed number of trained personnel, however elementary that training may seem to men and women accustomed to the requirements of modern industry. Looked at from this point of view, the problem of finance is more easily manageable, since the local resources, both human and material, can be effectively developed on a smaller expenditure. The advantages of technical co-operation will be spread more widely and more evenly, thus avoiding the dangers both of too many foreign technicians and of too much concentration on too few areas. Further, this recruitment of local personnel with fairly elementary training will fulfil the requirements of a large number of smaller schemes instead of a few large-scale projects, which take too long to mature when people are hungry and too weak to do a full day's work.

But the question is not only one of technical knowledge; the best-trained technician from the West will fail unless he appreciates the psychology of the young Asian men and women who want to benefit from his skill and then to pass it on to his compatriots. This means understanding that a social revolution has taken place, that the days of western colonialism are over, that these people will build their countries the hard way rather than submit to the superiority of the foreigner, even if it is now expressed in a more subtle and less arrogant form. They will also be extremely suspicious of technical aid if it is offered as a way of waging the "cold war."

The second part of the London Conference seems to be aimed at making South and South-East Asia lands that qualify for dollar investments. Each Commonwealth country has drawn up its six-year plan for economic assistance, and the experts in London will co-ordinate them, consider priorities, and then see where the money can be obtained. They will hope to have the co-operation of countries outside the Commonwealth; Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, presumably with French encouragement or instructions, have accepted, whilst Burma and Indonesia are watching developments. The fact must be faced that South and South-East Asia, whilst wanting more capital to carry out their industrialisation, is in no mood to accept a "Marshall Plan" as the economic side of a Pacific anti-Communist pact. The Delhi correspondent of *The Times* last week described the signs of a revulsion of feeling against "new types of colonialism and controlism" (Nehru's phrase) which, it is feared, are implicit in programmes of economic aid. The same correspondent adds the warning that this revulsion, however unreasonable it may seem in Western eyes, is increased by the heavy bombing of villages and the massacre of their peasant populations in Korea by the United States Air Force. To which it should be added that America is a capitalist country, whereas most of the present leaders of Asia, reflecting the new outlook of their people, are determined not to build to a capitalist pattern; they will not even attempt to do so for the sake of dollars they might attract. "Imperialism" is feared in Asia to-day, not "Communism." And General MacArthur appears in the role of the "bogeyman of neo-colonialism."

The economic facts which the London Conference needs to consider have been ably collected in the recent report of the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (E.C.A.F.E.). But it is only if the imponderables of Asian psychology are also taken into account, and if the Western delegates think of themselves as equals tackling a joint problem with Asian delegates and not as donors offering dollars with political strings—only, on these conditions, will the Conference accomplish something of what it promises and not deteriorate into another futile gesture of political warfare.

A French Diary

OUR route lay right across Central France from the Savoy Alps to Perigord. Looking at the map, we agreed that it would be pleasanter to by-pass Lyons and cross the Rhone at Vienne, an old Roman city with a Romanesque church and what Cyril Connolly, in his role as Grand Gastronome, once told *Vogue* readers is the best restaurant in the world. Connolly may be right, but we never got as far as the *Restaurant des Pyramides*, because we first hit the industrial suburb of Pont d'Evêque and emerged on the Cathedral square through a rocky defile of dry, clattering squalor. I spent the afternoon stumbling through back streets which had retained all their antique filth without any antique beauty. No slum clearance, of course, no modern amenities, and the rooms in the back courts lit by a naked electric bulb. The poorest home in England would buy a shade at Woolworths out of sheer self-respect; but when we asked why French workers did not do the same, we

received the reply, "Pay the electricity bill, and you'll know why. You can't afford to shade lights here."

Vienne, with its snob restaurant (four stars, dinner 2-3,000 francs, in the Michelin Guide), surrounded by huge American cars, and its unutterable living conditions, sums up one aspect of modern France. Here, you are inclined to feel, is a social system that has declined beyond the help of Reform. No wonder that the Communist and Gaullist blocs suck the energy and youth out of the Fourth Republic. The Third Force means the preservation as a lesser evil of a stagnant *status quo*, sleek and silky on the surface, and underneath the stench of ugly, industrious, exploited poverty. As you climb out of the Rhone valley on to the central plateau, you find the poverty again in the countryside, but this time unaggravated by the contrast of wealth. Peasants vote Communist too in the Midi, or alternatively they seek consolation at ancient centres of pilgrimage like Le Puys, dominated by its rock, on which stands a 53-feet iron Virgin, painted bright red.

* * *

I know that the isolated impressions of a tourist are dangerous. One could balance Vienne and Le Puys with the charm and hospitality of the Dordogne, the almost Teutonic diligence of Alsace, or the prosperity which the Norman farmers enjoy, despite the destruction of war. I know too that Frenchmen would rather spend their money on food than on painting their houses or paying taxes, and that, if they have no adequate housing programme, they have superb children's allowances. I admit that economically—that is, in terms of productivity statistics—France is as healthy as Britain, if not healthier. But all this does not eradicate the feeling—shared by every competent observer with whom I talked—that French recovery is hollow. After all, the parties which control the Fourth Republic are the first to admit this. The irritated—and equally irritating—demand at Strasbourg for an immediate political union of Western Europe stems from the desperate conviction that France cannot "make out" as a nation state. So too, the readiness of French politicians in private conversation to accept the rearmament of Germany is due to a feeling that French military power cannot be restored. Someone, something, outside the present order of French life, must save France. Stalin, de Gaulle, the Catholic Church, the Council of Europe, the Schuman Plan—which is the *deus ex machina?* About this there is political controversy—as eloquent and captivating as ever. But all the disputants are convinced that French democracy cannot save itself.

* * *

As far as I can see, there is no material reason for this conviction. France has a wonderfully balanced economy, and the French people are as characterful, as skilled and as civilised as ever. If a nation were merely a collection of individuals, France would still dominate Europe. What is lacking is a national self-confidence, a public spirit, which can discipline individualism into a community and transform men of the Resistance into an Army. Ask a Frenchman what he would do to defend his country, and he will usually say to you, "Join the Resistance." The more you think about it, the more revealing this answer is. It displays a realism—every Frenchman knows the Russians could occupy France tomorrow if they wished—and at the same time an escapism, because what is required today is not the romance of resistance to the occupier, but disciplined strength, both social and military, sufficient to prevent the occupation. It is precisely this discipline which Frenchmen realise they cannot achieve within the framework of the nation state and the Fourth Republic; and they fail to see why the British, not to mention the Americans, should call them cynical and defeatist for stating such an obvious truth. After all, they say, the remedy is clear—the formation of a European State and a European Army. If the British refuse to apply that remedy, they can hardly blame France for continuing to die of the disease.

* * *

It is easy to retort that such arguments are mere evasions; France *could* build a Welfare State, if not on the British, at least on the American pattern; Frenchmen *could* pay taxes with Anglo-Saxon phlegm; and they *could* provide the land forces which could form the nucleus of a European Army. But such arguments are both sterile and materialistic. Granted that it would be theoretically possible for Frenchmen to do all these things—if they happened to be unimaginative Englishmen still feeding on the miracle of Dunkirk, instead of Frenchmen who have never recovered from the "victory" of 1918—the fact remains that, for France in 1950, all this is spiritually impossible. Those who demand it insult French intelligence, and also show an insular lack of comprehension of the problems not only of France, but of a Europe arbitrarily and insanely divided between two non-European Powers. The English tourist may regard Vienne as a symbol of French political bankruptcy; but it is also a symbol of the lamentable failure of Britain either to re-shape Western Europe or to permit Western Europe to re-shape itself.

* * *

Here indeed is the real problem of Anglo-French relations. Mr. Churchill was right in protesting recently when Mr. Bevin asserted that those relations were excellent. They could scarcely be worse. But Mr. Churchill is very much mistaken if he believes that his own speeches have done anything to improve them. To talk grandiosely of Conservative support for European Union and the Schuman Plan and then to reveal an opposition as insular as Mr. Bevin's merely confirms the feeling that all English politicians underrate the intelligence of the French. However nobly Mr. Churchill may orate, we cannot persuade Frenchmen to believe in an old-fashioned alliance, which may suit Britain and Scandinavia, but simply will not work in Europe proper. In Strasbourg, each side made polite gestures to the other, which deceived no one. But neither would budge, because neither is a free agent. We cannot sacrifice our nationhood and our Commonwealth merely to save France. But, equally, the French cannot become effective members of the Atlantic Pact so long as Europe remains an unreal collection of bankrupt states and defeatist peoples.

* * *

What can be done to improve matters? The French are far too intelligent to be impressed by speech-making, either from their own politicians or from ours. They see through the phrases to the vacuum behind. While they applaud Mr. Churchill's European Army, they know that it means nothing without a European Ministry of Defence, and that this in its turn involves the European Government which Britain cannot concede. My own feeling is that it would have been better if Dr. Dalton at Strasbourg this year had been permitted by the Cabinet to draw the consequences of his own Brown Book. If he had told the French, Italians, Belgians and Western Germans that we were withdrawing from the Council in order to enable them to make what they have always wanted of it, a European Federal State, there would have been a sense of shock, but also a new start. A Federation, excluding Britain, Scandinavia and Holland, might well be reactionary and so a danger to Britain, and German-dominated, and so a danger to France. The risks are formidable; but would they not be preferable to the present mutual frustrations and pretensions to a unity which does not and cannot exist? Anglo-French relations might be miraculously improved, as well as French morale, if, instead of demanding the impossible of each other, we went our own ways in Europe and collaborated only as partners in the larger Atlantic Pact.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

I must warn your readers to be chary of buying Christmas cards bearing the inscription "Peace and Goodwill on Earth to All Men," unless they also carry the words "Not issued by the British Peace Committee."—Letter in *Middlesex County Times* (Ronald Bowman.)

I am a French girl staying in London for the language, and am surprised by the politeness of your English men, but only over the age of about 50, who remove their hats in lifts and buses and lower their eyes.—*Sunday Dispatch.* (J. M. Best.)

I am certain Communists are infiltrating into the B.B.C. Early in the morning they pour out a torrent of filth and slush, which is part of the Communist technique for demoralising our people.—Speech by Sir Waldron Smithers, reported in *Daily Herald.* (G. S. Burton.)

British hens are patriotic. In these days of economic difficulty they are laying a much higher proportion of heavier eggs than they did in easier pre-war times.—*Northshields Evening News.* (M. Lee.)

Mr. M. C. Hollis, Conservative M.P. for Devizes, speaking at Taunton yesterday on "Why we lose games," said: "I think our defeats are becoming almost a national problem and are hampering foreign affairs."—*Manchester Guardian.* (R. O. Davies.)

I think too highly of my cat to give her "red" salmon. Why have we Russian foodstuffs on the market?—Letter in *South Wales Argus.* (A. A. Atkins.)

The Children's Fund

(By a Special Correspondent)

It rests with the U.N. General Assembly whether to kill or keep alive an agency which has not only been an outstanding administrative success but has shown, within its limits, that the conscience of the world can function without discrimination between nationality, creed or political belief. It was in December, 1946, that the International Emergency Children's Fund (Unicef) rose from the ashes of Unrra. No U.N. funds were set aside for its operations; its financial resources were Unrra's residual assets plus anything that could be raised by voluntary action of governments or peoples. Up to June, 1950, Unicef had collected over 148 million dollars, of which 32 million were inherited from Unrra, 12 million represented private charitable gifts, and 105 million were made up by voluntary governmental contributions. The following figures show what the chief contributing countries have so far done:—

	Contribution (Mn. dollars)	*Dollars Per Head*
New Zealand ..	3.1	1.63
Australia	11.7	1.48
Canada	8.1	0.62
Switzerland	2.5	0.54
U.S.A.	75.8	0.51
South Africa ..	2.0	0.16
Czechoslovakia ..	1.4	0.11
Poland	1.0	0.04
France	1.7	0.04
United Kingdom ..	1.9	0.03

In a list in which the members of the British Commonwealth are outstanding in the extent of their contributions per head, the United Kingdom makes a poor showing.

Apart from the chief contributors, funds have reached Unicef from between fifty and sixty countries; and, with its finances thus resting on a truly international basis, Unicef has tackled effectively the job assigned to it—to bring help to children and adolescents of countries which were victims of aggression and, generally, to promote child health. In some cases it has had to act vigorously in the sense of the word "Emergency" in its title. For instance, it has given over 10 million dollars to assist Palestine refugees, thousands of whom would otherwise have died, though Palestine was not strictly within the terms of the original General Assembly resolution. Again, last August, Unicef was promptly on the spot with food and medical supplies to relieve fifty thousand children who were victims of the severe earthquake in Ecuador. But these were exceptional cases. As a rule, before Unicef assists a country with supplies, that country must have a well-thought-out child care programme of its own, and it must match Unicef's supplies with material from its own resources—a proviso which is fundamental to any successful scheme of international assistance, technical or otherwise.

Unicef has also rightly insisted that, before its aid is invoked, there must be an assurance that the problem which has to be solved is not merely urgent but can be solved by imported supplies plus a minimum of international technical advice. For example, when the Yugoslavs asked for help for children in the younger age groups, Unicef agreed to supply barrels of dried milk and some fats; but these supplies were not just dumped on the docks. The Yugoslavs developed from their own limited food resources a programme of school meals which the dried milk supplemented; and later, with Unicef's aid, they installed their own milk-drying equipment, so that in future winters milk would be available without importing it. Similar examples of "assisted self-help" could be found in other Eastern European countries. In Greece and Italy local administration has often been lax; but, whatever shortcomings there may have been in this or that country, Unicef has provided supplementary meals for between four million and eight million children annually during the last three years. In addition, it has supplied enough cotton, wool and leather for processing in recipient countries to equip at least 6 million children with blankets, clothing and shoes.

Simultaneously, war has been waged, on the children's front, against disease. In association with teams contributed by the Danish Red Cross and its Scandinavian confrères, the most extensive anti-tuberculosis campaign that the world has ever known has been carried out by Unicef: so far, 17 million children have been tested for T.B. and 9 million have been vaccinated. Unicef is going ahead with the supply of diagnostic equipment and other medical necessities to assist schemes now being developed in some dozens of countries in Europe, the Middle and Far East, and Latin America. Sometimes this help goes to maternity and child centres, sometimes to children's hospitals; but always it forms part of a well-considered governmental plan which has received technical approval from the World Health Organisation. For instance, in Indonesia the Republican Government is trying to bring under control the endemic disease of yaws which affects so many young people. The Indonesians supply the scheme and the organisation; Unicef provides the penicillin and other medical items; and W.H.O. gives technical advice. The same picture is being repeated in Thailand and Haiti; and the results are astonishing in their effectiveness.

Why, then, should there be a move to bring this international agency to an end? The contentious issue which has arisen is the extent of the aid which has been afforded to the countries of Eastern Europe, where Unicef-assisted governmental operations in the field of child welfare have been outstandingly successful. For the last eighteen months the representatives of the British Foreign Office on Unicef have tried to cut down aid to Eastern Europe; and in this policy they have had support from the Latin Americans, who are inclined to think that Europe has had too great a share in relief. The attitude of the United States has been that Unicef should be killed outright. The reasons for this attitude have never been satisfactorily explained by any U.S. delegation, but they are presumably similar to the motives which inspired a British delegate to say bluntly at the 1949 General Assembly that the United Kingdom would not make any contributions to a fund from which supplies went to Eastern European children.

France and the Dominions—particularly Australia and New Zealand—have consistently championed the Fund; and, thanks to their efforts, the United States, at last year's General Assembly, was compelled to withdraw the resolution which the State Department had drafted, sentencing Unicef to death. At a meeting of the U.N. Social Commission last May, the U.S. Delegation again introduced a resolution to kill the Fund. Once again it was heavily defeated; and, since May, Congress, despite opposition from the State Department, has voted £15 million for children's relief, most of which should go to Unicef. At the recent meeting of the Economic and Social Council (Ecosoc), efforts by the U.S. delegation to kill the Fund met with strong opposition, led by France and the Latin American nations; and eventually a resolution was passed which would make Unicef a permanent body. Apart, however, from the fact that governmental contributions to Unicef are voluntary, the Ecosoc resolution has to be confirmed by the General Assembly. It is to be hoped that, when this item comes before the Assembly, the British delegation will display a more liberal and generous attitude than it has yet shown in this sphere of international action. There was once a time when Britain would not have stooped to make children a pawn in the cold war.

The Highlands in Decay—II

Coming across Loch Nevis in a squall of rain, I saw Inverie for the first time as a pale white line etched between the tall green backcloth of the mountains of Knoydart and the leaping grey waters of the sea. The motor boat which runs the mails from Mallaig—for there is no regular means of approach to Knoydart but by the sea—hovered fifty yards from the shingle beach while we boarded a dinghy and went ashore to the slippery seaweed-covered pier. Along the shingle a few dinghies were lying high and dry; lining it on the landward side there was a little row of white cottages nestling close under the beech and oak woods of the hillside. In all its bare simplicity it was a scene from Marryat or Melville; and the sturdy broad-shouldered man who greeted me might have been Masterman Ready himself.

The land of Knoydart, whose capital and only village is Inverie, emerged for a brief moment into the light of public attention in November, 1948, when seven would-be crofters walked on to a handful of acres of Lord Brocket's seventy square miles and "pegged" their claims to cultivate it. Lying between Loch Nevis and Loch Hourn, with Skye to the westward across the Sound of Sleat, Knoydart is composed of four or five grand mountains divided by well-watered glens and fishing streams (where Mr. Neville Chamberlain, among others, fished for salmon in 1939). From about a thousand at the end

of the eighteenth century, the population dwindled and was forcibly reduced to 500 or so in 1857, when the last Macdonald to hold this traditional clan territory of the Glengarrys sold Knoydart to a Mr. Baird. He in turn sold the estate to a Mr. Bowlby in 1893, by which time the population was down to 400; and the Bowlbys sold it to Lord Brocket in 1932. The population to-day is just over 100. The sheep have dwindled at a lesser rate. While the number of sheep on Knoydart about a hundred years ago is reliably estimated at about 29,000, the number in 1939 (though on a slightly smaller territory) was about 3,000, but is to-day—after repeated interventions by the Department of Agriculture—about 8,000.

The evidence presented to the Royal Commission on the Highlands and Islands in 1894, when the commissioners sat in Inverie, showed that the people were leaving Knoydart because they could find neither employment nor land to rent and cultivate. Many of the answers of the people of those days exactly fit contemporary circumstances. "Is there a general desire among the crofters of your township for larger holdings?" they asked William Macinnes, a crofter of Airor in Knoydart (where only four crofts survive to-day); who replied that there was, and that the land for this was available. Neither Baird nor Bowlby, though repeatedly approached, would agree to lease the crofters more land—since the uninhibited pursuit of deer demands a countryside empty of humanity as well as of sheep.

The Royal Commission, moved by these answers, recommended two areas of Knoydart for land settlement. But the Bowlbys stood firm by their deer, and nothing was done. The position remained exactly as it was; the men and the sheep continued to dwindle away. In 1939, when Britain desperately needed home-grown food, the Department of Agriculture ordered many deerstalking absentee landlords to re-stock their lands with sheep, and, if necessary, to slaughter their deer. Knoydart, then stocked with 1,200 ewes, was to carry a much larger flock. Seven years later, in 1947, the ewe stock was found by a survey of the Inverness-shire Agricultural Committee to be barely a third of the total which was to have been reached in 1943. The Committee thereupon recommended that Knoydart be requisitioned by the Department of Agriculture for a second time; the Secretary of State appears to have ignored this recommendation.

In April, 1947, three Land Officers of the Department of Agriculture made another survey, as was their duty, in response to the applications for holdings lodged a few months earlier. In this the Department was acting in pursuance of that section of the Small Landholders' (Scotland) Act of 1911 (as amended by the Act of 1919) which provides that: "Where the Board (of Agriculture—to-day the Secretary of State) are satisfied that there is a demand for small-holdings and that suitable land is available for that purpose, it shall be the duty of the Board to prepare a scheme for the constitution of one or more new holdings on such land, to be occupied by new holders upon such terms and conditions not inconsistent with the Landholders' Acts as the Board think reasonable."

The demand for land was there all right, and so, apparently, was the land. Much as the Royal Commission had done 53 years before, the Department recommended after a full investigation that 19 new holdings should be formed, and that a further 50 families should be settled in Knoydart to conduct afforestation over 5,000 acres (the Forestry Commission normally allowing one family for every 100 acres of new forest). As a beginning, the population of Knoydart was to be trebled and perhaps quadrupled.

At about this time there appears on the scene a determined young man called Colin Macpherson. A crofter's son from South Uist, Macpherson had spent six years in the Collegio Urbana *De Propaganda Fide* in Rome, and had returned to become in 1942 the resident priest for the traditionally Catholic community of Knoydart. He shared the belief of many Highlanders that his people were dying out for want of the means to earn a living on the land; and he espoused the cause of land settlement. Following the Department's recommendation, Fr. Macpherson decided to test the potential demand for land by suggesting to a circle of acquaintances in South Uist and elsewhere that land might become available in Knoydart. After three days of private conversation in South Uist, he received no less than 30 names of would-be crofters who had previously made no application; later this grew to 50. A year afterwards, it should be added, the Department of Agriculture announced that unsatisfied applications for land in Scotland amounted to as many as 5,179 since 1940.

The men of Knoydart renewed their applications for lease of land, but without avail. On November 8, 1948, seven men of Knoydart (of whom only one has land, and that no more than a few acres) registered a lonely protest. They put down pegs on farmland at Kilchoan and Scottas (recommended for settlement in 1894 and again in 1947); on one of these fields they began to cut down the rushes so as to prepare it for grazing. Lord Brocket obtained an interim interdict from the Court of Session; and the raiders withdrew forthwith from the land they had pegged. An enquiry being ordered by the Department of Agriculture, a Mr. John Cameron, an elderly sheep farmer from Perthshire, conducted an investigation and reported that Knoydart would be best developed "as a single unit under one direction", and not by land settlement.

It is possible that the Knoydart Raid will prove to have been the last slender protest of the Gaelic-speaking mainland against the final eclipse of its people and culture. Compared with the land raids in Skye and Lewis after 1918, which approached mass proportions and resulted in the Department of Agriculture's seizing the land and distributing it to the crofters (who continue to pay rent for it), the Knoydart Raid was numerically insignificant. Of the seven participants, one—Mr. Alexander McPhee—has a few acres on a yearly leasehold, one is a shepherd, one has gone to work at the British Aluminium works at Fort William, one or two are ghillies, and one is now employed as a postman. In fact, the Raid revealed what everyone appears to have known already—that the principal difficulty of resettlement lies precisely in the fact that the crofting community is now so small as to have lost much of its old sense of unity and common interest. No doubt an active policy of resettlement which would over-ride the deer-stalking landlords, and give land to the thousands who continually ask for it, might reverse the trend even at this late hour.

Unhappily, there is absolutely no sign of the Labour Government's being sufficiently interested in the Highlands—or in absentee landlords—to do more than add to the endless tale of enquiries and good intentions. The latest White Paper has nothing substantial to say about land settlement, and offers instead a "land survey." Indeed, the then Secretary of State for Scotland blandly reported in 1949 that "by the end of 1948"—with over 5,000 applications for land unsatisfied—"no new schemes of land settlement had been undertaken and the settlement of applicants was restricted to holdings falling vacant on the termination of tenancies." Highlanders who vote Labour think it a black spot on Labour's record that the use of the land should differ in no essential respect from that of 1945.

Mallaig, Argyll. BASIL DAVIDSON.

It's All Done by Mirrors

MAYBE it was the place. Or maybe I misremember. But when I was a boy and my knees no bigger than beads, when roads were long and tables wide, the Enemy was a power in the land. Each grey evening my father would spread out the *Belfast Telegraph* in the morning-room and scan the list of casualties. He always read aloud; for, like St. Chrysostom, he couldn't take in the printed word unless he first gave it out. "Eight Catholics. Nine Protestants." "Woman, dear," he would say to my mother, "that's terrible." And to us Protestant children the friendly air seemed suddenly cold and old with ancient meaning. And we would go away from the window at the least long-ago crackle of far-off rifle-fire. Even though we knew that the next evening would be different. Once more the paper would be spread, and this time it would read: "Eight Protestants killed. Nine Catholics." It was like that. The world was suddenly a just world, and the air was clear, with satisfied avenues in it.

Not that one word was ever said to us about the Enemy. But children learn most from the holes and gaps in people's conversation, and they always count the cracks in the pavement of speech. And so, without any trouble at all, we learned to walk delicately and think inwardly of the Enemy who was our neighbour. Mostly we grew peaceably and played guardedly together; but we knew that on certain days a ritual violence should be observed, and were content if casualties were more or less equal.

Ask me why, now, and I will tell you a story. About a friend of mine, an anthropologist, who went to a Pacific Island to study its culture, and stayed to study its dances. On a day when these were at their height, one dancer involuntarily jostled another. Instantly the dancers flung out, everyone took sides, and the partisans retired to opposite camps, north and south, to get their tempers up and prepare for war. My friend was astonished at such ado about nothing, and more astonished to find that this trifling incident was an annual occurrence. He settled down to watch. From both ends of the island beetle-lines of warriors crept toward each other. They advanced slowly, inch by inch, so as not to lose the full savour and ceremony of their progress. Day by day, week after week, preceded by a belly of champions and a drumfire of threats, they drew closer. At last they were face to face, the moment of truth had come, the spears were opposed, the combat began. It was a sharp conflict, and short; indeed, so soon as casualties—six on one side, half a dozen on the other—were evenly scored, the encounter ended. So nicely adjusted was the score, that the side which was in danger of winning the war would lend the needed victims to the losers. Then the combatants, having won each other's victory and died each other's death, parted in peace for another year.

It would seem that the Enemy, when treated with custom and ceremony, is everywhere a welcome member of society, and that where he does not exist he has to be assumed. As if, indeed, this *tutoyer* of conflict, this split, this to-and-froing of death were the visible pulse of life. It is in closed communities that one sees this clearly. And even the loneliest and wintriest island, I have found, has its delicately conducted feud, the little lift within the root, without which there could be no springtime of the spirit or music of the spheres.

In Ireland, of course, we love our enemies, and go to some pains to encourage them. It would be unfair to speak of this as "provocation" or to think of Irishmen as aggressive. It is merely that we have a healthy fear of being reasonable. For by nature we are dualists who believe that Evil twins and twines with Good, and that the wrong way round is the right way home. It would never occur to us to seek Peace and pursue her: we simply set a violent man in her path and wait for her to come running to him. Yes, yes, we are cunning peasants who know that the best way to help a lame dog over a stile is to put a bitch in heat on the other side of the stile.

Being old, then, in the nature and art of peace, we engage—and indulge—the Enemy little and often, convinced that a bad turn a day keeps the great wars away, and that to cultivate a little anger is to be inoculated against great fevers and furies. To court trouble is to contain it: to love an enemy is half the battle.

In an Irish village whose main street is cut in two by the Border a member of the Northern Ireland Special Constabulary was on duty one night during "The Troubles." "Halt!" said he warningly, hearing footsteps coming at him from the Southern side of the street. "Who goes there? Friend or foe?" "Foe!" said an unforgiving but familiar voice. "Pass, foe!" said the constable. It is in such intimate enmity that the peace of the world lies. Wars, like charity, should begin at home. And to cultivate one's garden of remembrance and rank resentment is a plain duty these days. For the day of small things and civil spites is in jeopardy. Good communications have corrupted good manners. Malice to-day is jet-propelled, bitterness is amphibious, and the whispered word is radio-active. We have exchanged the split parish with its token war for the split world with its total war.

It is time to halt this humiliation of man, to pay to Enmity the tribute that is due to it, to know its position, to observe its rules and respect its ritual. Else the pure scientist, at his priest-like task of ablution (and obliteration) round earth's human shores, will iron out our enemies—and ourselves. For that is the price of total victory. To lose a friend is to suffer lifelong loss; to lose an enemy is to lose life itself. "I pray God for my enemies," said AE, "but I pray God that I may have enemies to keep me alive." How happy for all of us if the Cold War were to grow curled and warm and intimate enough for combatants to say "Pass, foe!" And in the matter of my own country—Ireland—what a wise step would be taken if that Southern deputy, Captain Cowan, who is raising recruits for the invasion of the North, were to receive a subsidy from the Northern Government for keeping it alive. Yes, it's all done by mirrors.

W. R. RODGERS

WATER COLOUR OF VENICE

He was saying, Florence is youth,
Venice a second-childhood, then,
Pools of burning stone where time
And water, the old siege-masters,
Drive their black saps around
A thousand saddle-bridges,
Pinned by marble griffins, all

Set free to float on loops
Of her canals like great intestines,
All snapped off like a berg to float,
Where now like others you have come,
To trap your sunset in a yellow glass,
Or watch the silversmith at work
Chasing the famous salver of the bay.

Here sense dissolves, coheres, to print
These choirs of stone on water
To the rumble of old cloth bells,
The busy cadging of confetti pigeons,
And to all that has been said, add
Only that here like a brushstroke
Sleep is laid on every visage,
Its soft concern, at the bottom

Of every soul here a spoonful of sleep.

LAWRENCE DURRELL

POEM

Near your beloved you shall lie
As distant mountains to the sky,

And you shall rest upon her breast
Like shadow on the mountain's crest.

You shall bind her to your heart
As a tree's branches bind the wind,

You shall make your love your own
As water flows about a stone,

Hold her for ever to your will
As moon is held by waters still.

KATHLEEN RAINE

Correspondence

THE BOMB

SIR,—Recent events compel even the most serene minds to consider the possibility of our generation being plagued with one more general war. If the indignity of a suicidal war cannot be avoided, many sober-minded persons are prepared to suffer it with fortitude. No one, however, expects any particular good to result from a war, and all thoughtful people consider that the only legitimate motive for exposing their country to the devastation of war is that circumstances are such as to leave no other possible means of securing the survival, in moderate physical comfort, of a reasonably large proportion of their people and of preserving the fundamental decencies of their own traditional way of life.

Modest as these expectations are, they do not think that even that modicum of good could possibly result from a war in which atomic weapons would be used. The human race has proved its ability to recover from wars fought in the traditional way; civilisations in the past, having been submerged by invasions of barbarians, have succeeded in the course of generations in educating their conquerors; but it seems unlikely that anything worth preserving could possibly emerge from an atomic conflict.

The conditions of our crowded island make it particularly vulnerable to this form of destruction. Whatever may happen to people less unfortunately situated, it is probable that at the end of such a war the people of Great Britain would have to find refuge elsewhere from their battered land, or die of starvation.

Facing dispassionately this dismal prospect, commonsense urges us to forsake our traditional attitude of defiance in the presence of a challenge and to seek another way. If the majority of British decided to oppose, by all means in their power, whichever nation first used an atomic weapon, this determination, publicly and solemnly expressed, would carry weight with those who might otherwise be inclined to use such weapons.

Such a stand made by our people is not offered as a panacea: it could not, by itself, prevent a war, but it might start an attempt to settle the differences which divide the human race.

My object in writing to you, Sir, is to ascertain whether I am right in assuming that there is a large number of people who are determined that this country should take a stand against all users of atomic weapons and—if this proves to be the case—to invite them to examine what form of action should be taken to make their determination known to Parliament, to the country and to the world at large.

POPSKI
(Lieut-Colonel V. PENIAKOFF)
31 Cliveden Place, London, S.W.1.

KOREA

SIR,—Critic's epigrammatic antithesis between a Russia encouraging "revolutionary and isolated wars" and an America resolved to prevent them "even at the cost of world war" is a dangerous over-simplification. Critic must know perfectly well that Moscow does not encourage these local outbreaks for the mere fun of the thing. They are stages in the process of subduing the world to the domination of Stalinist Communism, which means Russian Imperialism; and since it is quite certain that America and Britain at least (to say nothing of the other Western Powers) will not consent to be absorbed into the Moscow system without a fight, the successful continuance of the process will inevitably end in a world war, with odds heavily against the democracies. It is equally misleading to suggest that America is merely intervening in a civil war between Communists and non-Communists.

The real antithesis is, in fact, between passively tolerating a series of local Communist aggressions with, ultimately, the practical certainty of a world war and a probable Russian victory, or immediate resistance to aggression with the possibility of preventing its occurrence at any time. One may, of course, quite reasonably take Donald Soper's view that Communist domination is preferable to war, and

therefore advocate the avoidance of war at any cost; but the issue is, in the long run, as stated, and to pretend that it is anything else is merely to throw dust in the eyes of your readers. H. IDRIS BELL

Bro Gynin, Aberystwyth.

CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—There is reason to believe that there is a considerable body of people who were willing to submit to conscription during and after 1939 but who, since their release from the armed services and their transfer to one or other of the reserves, have had reason to revise their opinions. It should not be concluded that a man who permitted himself to be conscripted during 1939-45 is now necessarily to be counted upon as part of an acquiescent military reserve. The development of atomic and bacterial weapons has, for some, radically altered their views on the rightness of certain forms of warfare: for others, it has raised questions which have resulted in fundamental changes of opinion regarding the rightness of warfare in any form.

It is possible for anyone now listed as a reservist to write to the appropriate service department expressing a change of opinion of this nature if he has one. However, in the event of such a person being recalled to the Forces, it seems that provision should be made for him to express an objection to military service before he is compelled to commit such offences as refusing to obey call-up or refusing to obey a military order. The opinion of conscript-reservists in general may possibly, if officially solicited, provide evidence which would not only point to the necessity of the second chance of a tribunal but which might also indicate in some measure the extent of the uneasiness, expressed already in your correspondence columns, about the moral and political questions raised by the present crisis. MALDEMICES

CAPITAL LEVY?

SIR,—For Heaven's sake don't spoil your thundering hit in the MacArthur case by countenancing that exploded *ignis fatuus* the Capital Levy. It and the General Strike are the delusions we must root out of Labour politics.

Taxation of the harvest of 1960 cannot produce a farthing: the harvest simply isn't there, though you can buy a right to it out of what you can spare from the current harvest, and defer your consumption accordingly.

If Cripps tried it on, compelling all capitalists to sell out, he would produce a money market in which there would be all sellers and no buyers, with shares and stocks down to zero. Lloyd George found this when he tried to tax land *values* (Stock Exchange values) and had to chuck it after making a fool of himself.

You may call for further surtaxation of INCOME; but it is not for us to disguise it as taxation of capital, which is impossible.

The Estate (Death) duties are a case in point. They are nominally a tax on capital, but are insured and paid with great difficulty and injustice, out of income.

Call for taxation of Stock Exchange profits as loud as you like. They are at present most unjustly exempt. G. BERNARD SHAW

POET AS PARIAH

SIR,—Writing serious English poetry, says Mr. George Barker, is a full-time occupation. What a pity Chaucer didn't realise this when he accepted the post of controller of customs; or Shakespeare when he took his shares in the Lord Chamberlain's men; or Milton and Marvell when they became Secretaries to the Commonwealth; or Prior, when ambassador; or Dryden, Dr. Johnson, Coleridge and Arnold, all of them doing very much the equivalent to an Arts Council lecturer today; or Messrs. Bottrall, MacNeice, Empson and Allott, lecturing. Or anyone except those Romantics who began and those who continue the fiction that the poet must be an outcast.

Mr. Barker continues: "The relationship between the poet and society is a state of irreconcilable war." Even in the Romantic camp there would be eyebrows lifted at this. The arch-Romantic Shelley wrote: "Those who love not their fellow beings live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave." Blake seems to have had enough time away from Ezekiel to hold very radical political views. And if you go earlier (or later) to other generations and other schools of poets, who prized inspiration less and sanity more, the idea would seem ridiculous. The greatest age of English poetry included the parson-poets Herrick and Herbert, the courtier-preacher-poet Donne, the scholar-journalist-poet Ben Jonson, the soldier-statesman-philosopher-poet Lord Herbert of Cherbury. It is true that their other tasks were the sort of work that a poet would find valuable; but the Arts Council and the B.B.C. ask their poets to talk and write about literature, not to drive a train.

You can't write unless you have something to write about; and you can't have anything to write about unless you have done a certain amount of living. But this is no argument for branding the poet as pariah so that he can get on with Experience: alcohol, love, cultivating his hysteria, being a spiritual spiv. It is not only the tough Romantic carefully indulging in Experience who does any living. All the poets mentioned above did their living. We all do a certain amount of living.

Why should the ability to find the words be confined to the anti-social? L. D. LEINER

Achimota, Gold Coast.

ASSUMPTA EST MARIA

SIR,—I am not a Catholic, but there is much in your recent article on the Assumption of the Virgin which is objectionable even to an Agnostic. Your correspondent's objection to this Catholic mystery has already been answered by Mr. Aldous Huxley who states (*The Perennial Philosophy*, p. 40) that in the opinion of most directors of souls it is:—

> . . . mere folly to recommend the worship of God-without-form to persons who are in a condition to understand only the personal and the incarnate aspects of the divine Ground.

On page 28 he quotes Dr. Radin as saying that:—

> . . . certain concepts are as ultimate for man, as a social being, as specific physiological reactions are ultimate for him, as a biological being.

It is well to remember that the Catholic Church is indeed Catholic, and that an organisation which contained such diverse persons as Aquinas, St. Francis, Richelieu, Anselm, Savanarola and Bacon, may well exhibit aspects of faith which baffle those trained in the philosophies of weighing and measuring. NIGEL HESELTINE

Co. Wicklow.

SIR,—If I understand your correspondent, Mr. P. D. Turner, aright, he considers that the propagation of the new Catholic dogma re the Assumption of the Virgin will not undermine the faith of "modernist" Catholics. "The intellectual Catholic," he declares, "will continue to ignore everything about Catholicism he does not like." I wish that I could derive comfort from this assurance as readily as he appears to do. When eclecticism is carried to these lengths, it constitutes insincerity and can only lead to the complete divorce of religion from ethics—a process which is also discernible in the Protestant churches.

I do not say that this divorce is a bad thing *per se*, but I think it dishonest and dangerous to pay lip-service in church to dogmas which one deliberately abjures outside. This kind of hypocrisy is, I know, dear to our British hearts: we are celebrated on the Continent as turners of the blind-eye. But it does not do us any good in the present ideological clash of East and West.

I shall watch Mr. Turner's Catholic "interpreters" with interest, to see how they interpret the transference of flesh and blood into the Catholic heaven; I prefer to think that they will suspend operations and let oblivion do their job for them. After all, as Mr. Binns said the previous week, this dogma has really been there all the time; the theologians just hadn't noticed it before. Maybe the dogma of the Assumed Virgin will return to limbo as stealthily as it entered. Until it does, I feel it is bound to weaken the faith and morality of Catholics everywhere, whether "intellectual" or "popular."

West Bridgford, S. E. QUINCEY

Notts.

BELGIAN CONGO

SIR,—In this remote spot my NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for June 17th has just arrived. I ask, even at this late date, your permission to protest at the implications of Mr. Brian Barefoot's article "Belgian Africa," the incorrectness of which will fill our right-minded Belgian official friends with dismay. Mr. Barefoot would have been better advised to wait until his experience of the Congo was enlarged before giving NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers the impression that this is a colony run exclusively for the benefit of a capitalist-Catholic combine, with incidental perquisites granted to the Congolese who dig the treasure—to keep them happy. Nothing could be more false.

In deciding that the "native policy in the Congo is . . . certainly not to risk the abandonment of the colony to its inhabitants," Mr. Barefoot apparently knows more than the Colonial authorities, whose use of the term "tutelle" has never, to my knowledge, been intended to connote permanent domination. How can such an issue be decided when the history of effective European penetration goes back less than 80 years and when the majority of the sparse African population is only just emerging from the primitive, illiterate state?

Making much of the "tu" used to Congolese, Mr. Barefoot seems unaware of the fact that even if a French-speaking person addresses his dog in the second person—so does he his loved child. It is in that sense of tolerant understanding of an adolescent—which is what the Congolese is in his appreciation of the forms and ideals of government—that the form is used; not, excepting with a few ignorant and uncouth Europeans, to denote inferiority.

Whatever power is possessed by the big monopolies, one thing is certain to those of us with many years' experience of the complexity of Congo problems—and that is that the Congolese *will* get a square deal, not as an inferior but as a citizen in his own right and with an ultimately dominant, if not the sole, voice in his country's affairs. To suggest otherwise is a slander on the motives of brave and painstaking Belgian colonial officials who are tackling a huge job with comparatively small resources.

(REV.) LESLIE J. TAYLOR

Baptist Missionary Society,
Upoto, Lisala, Belgian Congo.

MENTAL DEFECT

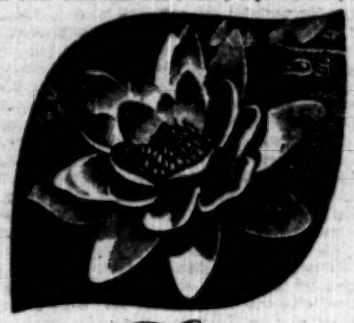
SIR,—I was very glad to read in your review of Professor Penrose's book *The Biology of Mental Defect* the clear statement that "most mental defectives are born of normal parents and commonly have normal brothers and sisters and most of the children of defectives are not deficient."

The present laws relating to mental deficiency are administered on the implied assumption that all mental defectives are over-sexed and the potential parents of mentally defective children. Professor Penrose however emphasises that at the extreme amongst the imbeciles and idiots fertility is so low that the problem of procreation does not arise, and that the feeble-minded category shades off into the ordinary population and has no greater sexual appetites and no greater probability of producing mental defective offspring than the latter. Nevertheless, high-grade mental defectives are only allowed out of Institutions on licence on condition that they "do not form attachments to members of the opposite sex." Indeed, it is not necessary for the attachment to exist in fact—"suspected of forming attachments to members of the opposite sex" was the ground for sending one girl back to an Institution and the receipt of a postcard from a man ended the licence period of another.

The high-grade mental defectives, the backward and the dull members of the population who, for one reason or another, get certified as needing institutional care are not sub-human and, if they are given the opportunity of living normal lives outside an institution; they will try to do so. Therefore if they are attracted by a member of the opposite sex they should be allowed to marry. At present they are forced to have an illicit affair and then, if a baby arrives, they are hastily returned to the institution.

Our treatment of mental defectives has not kept pace with our increase in knowledge and I share your reviewer's hope that Professor Penrose's book "will have a wider public than the specialists in disorders of the mind." ELIZABETH A. ALLEN

509 Keyes House,
Dolphin Square, S.W.1.



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Book Reviews

PERSIAN ODYSSEY

Russia and the West in Iran 1918-1948. By GEORGE LENCZOWSKI. *Cornell University Press : Cumberlege.* 36s.

According to the Foreword, *Russia and the West in Iran* is a handbook of Persian politics, produced for use by American foreign service officials and military representatives. It deserves, however, a far wider public. Mr. Lenczowski's story of Great Power politics is succinct, academically objective and extremely entertaining. Anyone who wants to be ahead of the news should read it at once. I can only regret that Cornell University failed to provide us with a similar study of Korea in time for the crisis.

Just as the North African desert provided the ideal testing ground for modern mechanised warfare, Persia is the *locus classicus* for economic penetration, ideological warfare and diplomatic intrigue. Here is an Oriental frontier nation on whose territory the strategic interests of the Great Powers fatally overlap. Whatever provides security to the Commonwealth menaces not only Baku but the whole Russian position in Central Asia. What looks from the Kremlin like a powerful defensive cushion is rightly regarded in London as a direct threat to Imperial communications. This insoluble strategic dilemma—and an untold wealth of oil—have dominated the history of "a semi-colonial people" (to use the Comintern jargon) "in the stage of reactionary nationalist dictatorship." Persia shares with the Arab countries a Moslem faith and a static social structure, which are equally obstructive to a democratic Fair Deal and a Communist revolution. As planners of all sorts have learned to their cost, it is a country intrinsically resistant to improvement. Endowed with neither martial ardour nor defensible frontiers, it has developed as its main weapon of defence the "double-cross." Persian politicians are the true descendants of Homer's Odysseus. They are stalwart patriots, who regard wiliness as the supreme virtue, cowardice as a regrettable necessity, and corruption as the natural state of the human race. They can make a Comintern agent look as simple as an Anglo-Saxon missionary. Who can forget the epic duplicity of Qavam in 1946? A decadent and senile northern land-owner (who, when others wore a topee, preferred to paint the hair on his bald pate), he seemed the ideal Prime Minister for a Popular Front government, whose function in Russian strategy was to succumb to the independence movement in Azerbaijan, to sign under duress the necessary oil agreements, and finally to disappear after the *coup de grace*. But Qavam was no Benes. He surrendered to Russian pressure, in such a humiliating way that he stimulated the British and, finally, the American counter-pressure which he desired. Thus he achieved victory out of a series of nicely calculated defeats. Only a Persian knows how to make impotence a positive factor in power politics.

In 1918, when Mr. Lenczowski starts his story, Britain was in possession. Persia had been zoned between the Allies until the Russian collapse. Then Britain took over, and sent troops not only to Baku and to the independent Social-Democratic republics of the Caucasus and Caspian, but right up into Central Asia. If our sense of imperial mission had still been strong, we could have taken over most of the Russian Asiatic Empire without serious resistance. But actually this degree of direct intervention violated our tradition of minimum commitments for maximum advantage. Intervention in Russia became unpopular, the Bolsheviks were permitted to re-conquer the independent republics and butcher the governments we had sponsored, and all we left behind us when our troops withdrew from Persia was a Treaty, regarded by Lord Curzon as his masterpiece. In fact, however, its terms, which made Persia virtually a protectorate, not only violated national susceptibilities, but exceeded our post-war capacities. It gave us the bad name of imperialism without its dividends, and was repudiated by Reza Shah when he rose to power as the Persian caricature of Kemal Ataturk. After this, British policy in Persia reverted to type. We eschewed direct intervention—and with it any responsibility for social reform. But we still retained one sanction, which was used with great effectiveness in the 1946 crisis. If anyone threatened our oil interests, we could land troops at Basra in neighbouring Iraq and disintegrate the Teheran government by promoting tribal disturbances in Southern Persia. With half a dozen successors to T. E. Lawrence up our sleeve we have exploited our oil resources at negligible cost.

Russian methods in Persia are rather more dynamic. The Kremlin has always regarded Persia as "the Suez Canal of the Russian Revolution," but it also recognises that to cause trouble here, unless Britain is deeply engaged in a war elsewhere, would be to court defeat. Mr. Lenczowski sets out most usefully the proceedings of the various Comintern Congresses, in particular the "Colonial Theses" adopted under Bukharin's leadership in 1928; and he relates them to Communist subversion in Persia itself. The main weapons are separatism in Azerbaijan, tribal disaffection among the Kurds, trade union organisation, and propaganda among the nationalist intelligentsia against Western imperialism. But in Persia the Communist has to reckon on a traditional hatred of Russian imperialism, which has time after time enabled a Persian government to evade the last fatal concession before it was too late. Persia can never be communized either by ideological penetration, or by internal revolution, but only by military force; and that, owing to the country's vital strategic importance, can only be employed in a world war.

The Twenties and the Thirties were the period of German penetration. The only power which has practised the classical Communist doctrine of capitalist exploitation are the Germans, and they started in 1928, long before Hitler came to power. They are the only outsiders who have ever done Persia much positive good. They were the founders of Persian industry—building foundries, mechanising coalmines, supplying 80 per cent of all imported machinery, not to mention "tourists," and obtaining by 1938 41 per cent of Persia's foreign trade. When the second world war broke out, Persia was both materially and ideologically almost a dependency of the Third Reich, and this, along with the penetration of Iraq, nearly cost us the war. Reading Mr. Lenczowski's analysis, I could not help asking myself the question precisely how the application of Truman's Fourth Point in backward areas differs from Schachtian imperialism.

The fourth empire to which Persia has been subjected is, of course, the American. The Anglo-Russian occupation in 1941 brought the German epoch to an abrupt end, and the Americans came in through the British back door, first as engineers, organising the delivery of Lend-Lease equipment to Russia, and secondly as economic advisers. True to their Odyssean principles the Persian government tried to balance the ignominy of British and Russian occupation by wooing a third and remoter Great Power. So they invited an American economic mission to run all their ministries and reorganise the financial system. The story of Dr. Millspaugh's attempts to introduce a graduated income tax is a delicious comic interlude, and a lesson to any innocent who believes that we can fight Communism in Persia by rapidly promoting a Fair Deal. The Communists allied themselves with the landlords in exposing American imperialism; the State Department gave no help to Americans who were mere employees of the Persian Government; and the American generals protested vigorously at this dangerous radicalism. Dr. Millspaugh withdrew in injured dismay. Since then the Americans have moved much closer to British practice. Their intervention has been limited to organising the brutal but efficient gendarmerie for the central government, bribing the politicians in the hope of obtaining the coveted Northern oil concessions, and providing Marshall Aid with which the ruling class can buy Buicks. It is doubtful whether the liberation of the masses in such a country can be achieved, except through a machinery of oppression, such as the Communists have perfected. The Western democracies have to condone the *status quo*; and to improve it by convincing its beneficiaries that they are prepared to cushion the patient without applying any very radical cure for his disease.

Wiseley enough, Mr. Lenczowski draws no moral from his story. He has left that to Mr. Allen, who was until recently the United States Ambassador in Teheran. In a Preface, which smells of the sophisticated homespun from which State Department officials are too often cut, Mr. Allen writes, "The major problem in Iran today results from rivalry between two different ideologies, not from conflicting national interests." Before writing such claptrap, Mr. Allen would have done better to have read Mr. Lenczowski's book.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

DOSTOEVSKY'S NINTH SYMPHONY

Dostoevsky. The Making of a Novelist. By ERNEST J. SIMMONS. *Lehmann.* 18s.

"The ecstasy of love in Schiller's Hymn of Joy is one of the basic elements of the whole conception of the novel," Ernest J. Simmons notes of *The Brothers Karamazov* in his excellent and comprehensive survey.

Strange, surely, that Schiller's *Ode*—a poem which carries the reader so fast that to-day it is difficult to jump on and read it—should have inspired two great works—Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and *The Brothers Karamazov*. Yet the connection seems more than fortuitous: there is something of Beethoven in Dostoevsky and of Dostoevsky in Beethoven. The Russian masterpiece is more like the Ninth than it is like any other work of fiction.

"The chief men and women of *The Brothers Karamazov* are cast in the form of embodied ideas. Nothing in human experience as we know it will satisfactorily explain the exaggerated motives and actions of old Karamazov, Dmitri, Ivan, Alyosha, Smerdyakov, Zosima, Grushenka, and Katerina Ivanovna," writes Professor Simmons, and he goes on to tell us that their "exaggeration" is not "traditionally warranted in art"; nor is "the ordinary meaning of realism broad enough to justify such creations." So he concludes that they must be "personified ideas," although they are nevertheless "real and vital."

Yet how far does this take us? Can we really tie labels round the necks of Alyosha, Dmitri, and the rest, inscribing on them the ideas which they signify, as with certain characters of Aldous Huxley or of Koestler? Dostoevsky does not set out to prove a theory, and although he is full of likes and dislikes he does not take sides in ideological conflicts, dividing humanity into the sheep and the goats. He sets out to love all humanity and to prove his truth. By "his truth" I mean a certain singleness of vision of his whole being whereby his beliefs—that men should love one another and that even the most wicked can redeem themselves by suffering—are completely bound up with his experience of life. His ideas are not separable from his experience: they are one and the same thing. The characters in his novels do not illustrate his ideas, because they *are* his ideas. With Dostoevsky, when we are in contact with an idea, we also touch his profoundest experience and his most living creation. Perhaps this may be what Professor Simmons means by his characters being "personified ideas," though I do not think he means this.

I am brought back then to explaining the connection between the vividness of Dostoevsky's characters and the wider reality of his whole view of life, by the Beethoven analogy. His

novels are symphonies in which the characters are instruments. The total experience, the prodigious message of the whole symphonic work, add up to a greater vision of life than the sum of the actions and motives of all the separate characters. More of life emerges from the characters than they contain within themselves: and yet, even when they are pressed by violence, catastrophe and sacred joy into an existence which lies beyond their own individuality, they are all the more themselves, just as a violin in the hands of a master is all the more itself when it seems pressed to speak beyond the capacities of the instrument. No novelist drives his characters, nor leads them such a dance, nor lacks so completely the Chekovian art of letting them be observed blossoming unseen in deserts, as Dostoevsky. Yet none—unless the Greek dramatists and Shakespeare—has a greater sense of the situations which will drive them the more back into themselves through being driven out of themselves.

The atmosphere which we think of as the Dostoevskian, is produced by the pressure of a vision of reality including heaven and hell upon the structure of the realistic novel. Dostoevsky's reality is the whole material of existence which needs must be permeated with the spirit: or, to express this by its opposite, it is the spirit which is withered unless it can penetrate the gross as well as the joyous, the evil as well as the good. Dmitri exclaims to Alyosha:

> In the very depths of degradation I begin a hymn of praise. Let me be accursed. Let me be vile and base, only let me kiss the hem of the veil in which my God is shrouded.

The curse of degradation is the lowest door in the world which opens suddenly on to the highest. No modern writer, except perhaps Baudelaire, is so aware of the intimate relation between damnation and spiritual significance. But whereas for Baudelaire, to be damned in the nineteenth century means making the only morally significant choice in a materialist society where it is impossible to be saved, damnation for Dostoevsky is an extension of God into the darkest places of the universe where, paradoxically, his presence is felt more than in the supposedly lighter ones. The suppressed chapter of *The Possessed*, "Stavogrin's Confession" (translated by S. S. Kotelianisky and published some years ago by the Hogarth Press) illustrates well how Dostoevsky was obsessed by a geographer's passion to explore the most dark and evil situations in order, surely, to prove that they could be enfolded within forgiveness. It is only by understanding the depths of degradation that one can understand the significance of Father Zosima's death bed pronouncement: "Everyone is really responsible to all men for all men and everything."

Just as the composer has a predisposition towards certain instruments which can realise his music better than others, so Dostoevsky needs certain characters to achieve his universe: the great sinner, the saintly fool, the holy men, the evil and lost one, the hysterical woman, the untouched child, the revolutionary: all these recur under different names. Above all there is one instrument who is the *sine qua non* of the Dostoevskian symphony of life: the Doppelganger, the ambivalent, the synthesising consciousness, poised between heaven and hell, who spans the whole extent of his universe.

A vision of life in Dostoevsky is for ever seeking to realise itself through his stories. It takes up characters, raises them to heights of happiness then dashes them down into misery; invents scenes, situations in endless variety; seizes on one form—historic romance, perhaps—thrusts it aside and turns to social satire—then desperately realises its *dénouement* through the detective story manner—just as Beethoven turns restlessly from form to form in his last works, and may finally seek to resolve all his problems by plunging into a fugue. But, as with Beethoven, behind every other pressure there is the presence of another wish: to make some tremendous statement in perfectly simple language, to say—for example—"All men will become brothers"—but with the weight of the whole of heaven and hell loading the hammer of the words.

To most people to-day Dostoevsky seems to represent a slavonic confusion, valuable perhaps if one wishes to understand the Russians—though it is doubtful how far the Russians of to-day resemble his characters. On re-reading him, after I had finished Professor Simmons's book, I was dismayed at the mistake I made in ever having neglected him. If he was true of Russia fifty years ago, the rest of Western Civilisation has just entered the phase when the warnings of Dostoevsky show the only alternative to complete collapse or to Communism. It is stupid to dismiss him—as D. H. Lawrence did—because of his obsession with sin. All this amounts to is that he tried to relate the completest possible view of the evil as well as the good of our society with the choices with which we are confronted: and they are between Communism and Christianity, between individualism and a truer conception of freedom. The overwhelmingly oppressive atmosphere, the occasional mawkishness, and the melodrama of these novels should not make us forget that they are works of incisive intelligence in which the mind of one of the greatest moral thinkers has been brought to bear on the worst problems which assail us. And their gloom opens on to heroic light and unassailable joy.

STEPHEN SPENDER

BEAUTY AND ART

The Meaning of Beauty. By ERIC NEWTON. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

Mr. Newton has written a very clear and extremely persuasive book on a difficult subject. He claims that he has not written a treatise on aesthetics, and perhaps, by concentrating on the word "beauty" rather than the word "art," he avoids that necessity. For beauty is a universal concept, humanized and popular; whereas art is a sophisticated notion that has no existence in some languages, and in all modern languages is exclusive in its implications—the artist is a special type of man and art a mystery only intelligible to the happy few. My only complaint about Mr. Newton's method is that he does not stick to it. His argument, he says, can be summed up in a sentence.

> Beauty in Nature is a product of the mathematical behaviour of Nature, which in its turn is a product of function; whereas beauty in art is a product of man's love of, based on his intuitive understanding of, the mathematics of nature.

That dictum provides a very useful basis for the analysis of beauty. But when Mr. Newton begins to discuss art, he has recourse to the familiar image of the onion, and he proceeds to strip off its layers one by one—first the record of appearances, then the artist's comment on these appearances, then the artist's attitude to the visible world in general, then the level of pure aesthetics, and finally the core, the ultimate mystery. This core is described as "a kind of chemical fusion between the artist's unconscious mind and his chosen medium," or, to use an inadequate word, the artist's "handwriting." "This fusion of unconscious impulse with conscious craftsmanship leaves an imprint on the picture far more definitive and significant than handwriting leaves on the sentence. It permeates the whole work with the artist's personality." I agree; but what has this to do with "the mathematics of nature"? In short, must we not insist on a fundamental distinction between beauty and art?

The difficulty of identifying beauty in Nature and beauty in art becomes acute when we go outside the Renaissance tradition and consider Oriental or Byzantine art, or modern art. Mr. Newton honestly faces this difficulty, but I do not follow his solution. He says on the one hand that Picasso's "attempt to 'find' beauty in life and to isolate and intensify it in his painting is remarkably successful," but then comments: "To the spectator who could entirely suppress his non-aesthetic appetites and live a life in which association played no part, the Picassian system is entirely satisfactory." Either this implies that there is more in art than beauty (in which case Mr. Newton's original premiss no longer holds good); or it implies that the spectator cannot take his beauty unadulterated, but must, in art, indulge certain non-aesthetic appetites. A similar contradiction seems to underlie Mr. Newton's discussion of abstract art, in which he has to maintain that the content of art cannot be mathematical, as it is in Nature, but must be phenomenal—"peacocks, clouds, women and flowers."

Another aspect of the same difficulty arises in the discussion of portrait painting. By taking examples such as Rubens's "Portrait of Dr. Van Thulden," where a mathematical structure is easily discernible, he escapes the difficulty presented by portraits where there is nothing but the human face presented like a map (certain self-portraits of Rembrandt and Van Gogh). Here is no "exact mathematical equivalent"—only the isolation of a state of mind, a thought. Curiously enough, Mr. Newton, in this very context, hits upon the right phrase, in calling the Rubens portrait "a species of metaphor." That is what every work of art is, whether a painting or a poem or a sonata, whether representational or abstract. It is a self-sufficient symbol conveying, as Susanne Langer has said, "the pattern of sentience." But such a pattern is not necessarily mathematical. I doubt if we can describe it more precisely than by saying it is "significant," and so we may all end by raising our hats to Clive Bell.

I hope I have given the impression that this is a very enjoyable book; and it is uncommonly well produced.

HERBERT READ

LANDSCAPES OF THE MIND

Last Essays. By G. M. YOUNG. *Hart-Davis.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Genius Loci. By H. W. GARROD. *Oxford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"Something lately set me reading Lysias, and I went on to see what Dionysius of Halicarnassus had to say about him." Thus Mr. Young, in his essay "Classical Criticism." The essay is characteristic of him. It begins with a statement of Dionysius's aims as a critic; it passes on, in the light of those aims, to a consideration of "the poor quality of much of our current criticism, especially that part of it called reviewing;" discusses the necessity, in criticism, of a common vernacular, "the language of responsibility, of men who—Dionysius uses almost the exact phrase—'make a conscience of their work'"; and then, still following the classical critic's precepts, ends with an account of what should be the reviewer's training and his task, the latter of which may be summed up as follows:

> All the time he will have in mind an imaginary friend who has strolled into the workshop, picked up a book and asked: Is this a book for me? His duty is to answer that question as fairly as he can, neither obtruding himself, his likes, his dislikes, nor his opinions on other matters; and leaving his friend in no doubt of the meaning of his answer.

I have dealt at some length with this single essay from Mr. Young's miscellany, not to demonstrate that the reviewer must necessarily be put on his mettle by Mr. Young, but to bring out what seems to me the main bias of the author's mind. His is essentially a practical mind, the mind of the historian who is also the civil servant concerned with day-to-day problems of government and administration. "Every one of us lives in a landscape of his own," he says, and adds: "My landscape is historic." He is interested in history, and this very word "interested" he defines as follows: "I say that I am interested in a thing when I want to do something about it." But what can one do about history, the past? He replies: "All that happened here. It might have happened to us." And in fact, even in the purely historical essays in this volume, he is doing something about history: he is bringing history to bear upon the present; by implication he is indicating possible lines of action in the present. As a practical man, an

English empiricist, Mr. Young has little use for, and every suspicion of, philosophies of histories—there is a most entertaining review in this collection of Croce's *History as the Story of Liberty*. For Mr. Young, "what matters most in history is not what happened, but what people said about it when it was happening—about it, and round about it;" and the historian's first task is to "go on reading till you hear people talking." This is not to say that Mr. Young does not find a principle at work in history, at any rate in English history. He does; and the principle is the principle of continuity, which is expressed in "continual collisions of froward orthodoxy and impatient novelty," which may coincide with "some sudden, or rapid, extension of experience: or with the discovery of some new instrument of inquiry." It is as though at any moment in history we may speak of a norm that is constantly, if ever so slightly, being changed by the human motives of simple weariness or boredom ("We grow tired," says Mr. Young, "of hearing Aristides called 'the Just'") and resentment, "if we feel that the norm is being imposed on us by authority."

This conception of continuity Mr. Young outlines at length in general terms in the essay of that name and, exemplified in specific English institutions, in the essays "Domus Optima," "The Village" and "Government." All exhibit in the most striking way the practical bias of Mr. Young's mind. Thus, in the first essay, he concludes with an examination of the role of the two great universities, which have so remarkably and successfully adapted themselves to every change in the structure of society, "in the new landscape of a federated west." In "Domus Optima," a history in brief of the English country house, he foresees "Edward of Salisbury back in his excellent house, under his old titles of Shire Reeve and Vice-Comes, new-translated, as District Bailiff and Deputy Director of the County Plan."

It is this practical bias of Mr. Young's, together with his sense of the continuity of things and his historical imagination, the power of seeing a man or an institution in the context of its time, that gives these essays their peculiar authority. When he is writing on such subjects as Basic English, Scott's contribution to history, Pushkin, Aubrey and the poetry of Hardy, one is reminded continually of Bagehot; there is the same sense of a critic come to books with standards forged in a world larger than that of literature. A kind of experience different from that of the ordinary literary critic is being brought to bear on the matter in hand; it is not necessarily a more valuable kind, but it does illuminate new or previously ignored facets of the subject being discussed. Of Mr. Young's vast learning one can only say that, if the reviewer obeyed the first of the author's rules for reviewers, it is probable that *Last Essays* would get no reviews at all. As a prose-writer, Mr. Young is a master of the middle style; he addresses himself confidently, with a colloquial ease from which wit is never far away, as an educated man to educated men. Doubtless, there are very few educated men: assuming you know your Greek and Latin, will you have Russian and Provençal enough to meet his quotations? But how brilliantly he can adapt his style to a large popular audience is shown in the broadcast talks printed here, "The Liberal Mind in Victorian England" and "The Happy Family," a study of England in 1860.

Last Essays exists in a bracing climate of ideas: *Genius Loci* exists in the climate of Oxford in high summer, which is notoriously enervating. Professor Garrod notes that all the essays in the book grew upon the essay "On Growing Old," written on the author's seventieth birthday. He writes on such themes as sitting for one's portrait, autobiographies, the dogs he has owned, the world's worst poet, one Tynnichus, who, in Professor Garrod's opinion, was worse even than his *bêtes noires* Mr. Pound and Mr. Thomas, and Merton College as seen through its poets; and he writes agreeably, with some good stories, of Bradley and Bridges. Yet one's final feeling, after reading these pieces, with their curious learning, is of embarrassment, the sort of embarrassment felt on reading somebody else's school magazine. *Genius Loci* is, in other words, very much the literature of the closed shop. Doubtless, it will be appreciated by older Merton men; *i.e.*, those certainly older than Mr. MacNeice and rather older than Mr. Eliot, for neither of whom Professor Garrod feels exactly the enthusiasm he accords to Mr. Blunden.

WALTER ALLEN

BRASS-HAT JUSTICE

The Case of General Yamashita. By A. FRANK REEL. *University of Chicago Press: Cambridge University Press.* 30s.

"Yamashita was not hanged because he was in command of troops who committed atrocities. He was hanged because he was in command of troops who committed atrocities *on the losing side*."

Captain Reel, who thus epitomises his sense of outraged justice, was one of the counsel assigned from the American Army to defend General Yamashita on a charge alleging that

> at Manila and other places in the Philippine Islands, while commander of armed forces of Japan at war with the United States of America and its allies, he unlawfully disregarded and failed to discharge his duty as commander to control the operations of the members of his command, permitting them to commit brutal atrocities and other high crimes against the people of the United States and of its allies and dependencies, particularly the Philippines, and he, General Tomoyuki Yamashita, thereby violated the laws of war.

Although he was a member of the Bar of Massachusetts, Wisconsin, New York, and the U.S. Supreme Court, Captain Reel, as a "mere captain," did not want the job. It was already the concern of five colonels and a major, and he knew (he says) the helplessness of the officer whose superiors decide to "stand on rank" (which, as it turned out, they did not). But he knew also that the War Crimes Division of the U.S. Judge-Advocate's Office was trying to establish a new theory, namely that a commanding officer is responsible if his troops violate the "laws of war," regardless of whether he ordered the violations or knew of them. "Under such a principle," a brother lawyer suggested to him, "even MacArthur should be tried. It is bad law. I wish I had the opportunity of taking a crack at it—I wish I could be defence counsel. Why don't you volunteer?"

General Yamashita, the "Tiger of Malaya," was the man who with 30,000 troops bluffed 100,000 British into the surrender of Singapore. (According to *Life* Magazine, Mr. Churchill gave the Commons these figures in a "secret" speech on April 23rd, 1942, and said that "an investigation of the debacle at this time would hamper the prosecution of the war.") Two and a half years later Yamashita was in command of the Japanese Fourteenth Army in the Philippines when "tens of thousands of people were brutally killed and thousands more were tortured and raped." When the atom bombs had done their work, it was necessary to bring someone to trial.

A fascinating quality of the enthusiastic lawyer is the passionate conviction with which he will continue, in private conversation perhaps unanimously hostile or sceptical, the defence of a client he has just failed to get off; and it transfigures many of the books now being written by British and American lawyers who have defended German and Japanese "war criminals." Captain Reel is no exception, but his case is completely and hideously convincing and his book has shocked America. His account of the Yamashita trial errs, perhaps, on the side of rhetoric and hyperbole, translating the Oriental passivity of "the Tiger" into the sweet and dignified saintliness of a martyred old gentleman. But it leaves no doubt whatever that the trial was a travesty of judicial procedure, and it apportions blame squarely and fearlessly.

General MacArthur is cast as the villain—his "mind was set on execution," the appeals to the Supreme Court and to Mr. Truman were "attempts to rob the Commander-in-Chief of his prey." He is portrayed as

> the strong man who will not brook the law's delays. . . . If he has brought a heinous war criminal to bay, he hangs him without bothering over dilatory details. In Europe the war had been over for six months, yet only now was Justice Jackson getting around to the Nuremberg trials. But the German trials were coming. Within a matter of weeks, or even days, Nuremberg and not Manila would command the headlines in American newspapers.

The members of the court-martial, says Captain Reel, were not fighting soldiers, and not one of them was a lawyer. They presented the defence with a list of fifty-nine new charges on the eve of the trial, and *refused an adjournment*. They overruled all objections about hearsay (sometimes third or fourth hand), affidavits and even gossip. One of them turned the pages of *Time* Magazine during the hearing. They warned the defending counsel, on the quiet, that they had better make no mention of American atrocities. When Yamashita asked if he could make a statement at the conclusion of the evidence, they ordered him to do so through an interpreter only; there was no time for him to speak also in Japanese—"the proceedings were to be broadcast on a world-wide radio hook-up and fifteen minutes had been allotted for the entire performance."

Only twelve newspaper men saw the complete trial through. An International News Service man took a secret ballot on their answer to the question: "Having heard all the evidence, would you vote to hang Yamashita?" The whole twelve replied "No."

When Yamashita had been sentenced to death, Captain Reel and his colleagues took the case by appeal through the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands to the Supreme Court of the United States—where it failed, by a majority decision. President Truman declined to interfere. And Yamashita, stripped of his decorations, was hanged at 3 a.m. on February 23rd, 1946, at Los Baños.

Of the two dissenting Supreme Court judgments, by Mr. Justice Murphy and Mr. Justice Rutledge, the latter is fit to rank as a classic with Judge Woolsey's decision in the Southern New York District Court in 1933, reversing the ban on Joyce's *Ulysses*. It is magnificent, scathing, unanswerable. Yamashita was

> rushed to trial under an improper charge, given insufficient time to prepare an adequate defence, deprived of the benefits of some of the most elementary rules of evidence, and summarily sentenced to be hanged.

Some of the war-crimes trials may have had their value, though in many cases, as Captain Reel says, "they are not trials at all in the sense that there is an honest possibility of acquittal." But the case of Yamashita would have reflected more credit on the U.S. administration in the Far East if he had been shot or lynched without any trial at all.

C. H. ROLPH

STORY INTO FILM

The Third Man and The Fallen Idol. By GRAHAM GREENE. *Heinemann.* 6s.

A film may find the source of a good story in a manner as fortuitous as do plays or novels. Henry James could build up an intricate novel of personal relationships from a dinner table anecdote, and Mr. Graham Greene—as he tells us in this volume which collects the original stories of the two films he wrote for Mr. Carol Reed—developed the story of *The Third Man* from a sentence noted down on the flap of an envelope several years previously.

As an example of creative adaptation, *The Third Man* is more illuminating about Mr. Reed than Mr. Greene. It was written as a story to be filmed: the writing is no more than a serviceable fabric to hold together the strands of a fairly ordinary melodrama. The narrator, Calloway (played in the film by Trevor Howard), does not emerge in the written version as a living character.

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He is useful for narrative purposes, and he interjects a few rather objectionable remarks like: "American chivalry is always, it seems to me, carefully canalised—one still awaits the American saint who will kiss a leper's sores."

The story, though its construction is very loose, is certainly an admirable basis for a certain kind of film. This kind of film—an "effects" drama with contemporary trimmings (the lightly alluded to penicillin racket, the satire on Russian occupation authorities)—Carol Reed realised with a brilliant surface, a superbly calculated skill. The raw material has been worked over and over, some elements strengthened—for instance, Martins's personal misgivings about being used to betray his friend, which hardly appear at all in the original—and the casting is perfect. It would be difficult, though, to make out a case for the "particular warmth of human sympathy" which Mr. Greene attributes to Carol Reed. For the human material remains thin: "we wanted to entertain them (people), to frighten them a little, to make them laugh," Mr. Greene writes, and Mr. Reed's twist of the original happy ending in his clever last shot seems, in this light, no more than a final manipulative touch. The author attempts to give his characters depth by one or two fetichist prep-school reminiscences of Harry Lime on the part of Martins, and the two men's brief chat about religion on the Great Wheel: but this seems, really, a piece of grafting-on as mechanical as that of grafting present-day Vienna on to the sentence scribbled years ago on the back of an envelope.

The attempt, however, is significant in view both of *The Fallen Idol* and of what one might call, not wholly without irreverence, a Catholic formula in fiction today. The idea is to take a rather banal, disagreeable situation—a love-triangle, a crime set-up—and to give it "depth" by giving the characters involved (or one of them, at least) religious feelings: theological doubt assaults adultery, and from that moment it is a fairly straight step to the characters being "prisoners," trapped by their own beliefs and fears, expressing a spiritual conflict between faith and weakness. An extra dimension is fitted on like a roof over one's head. The subject of *The Fallen Idol* (published originally as *The Basement Room*) is a seven year old boy trapped, while his parents are away, in a Belgravian world of adult intrigue and experience, a rather squalid little triangle between Baines the butler (whom the child adores), his shrewish wife and a negative girl in a white mackintosh. The wife discovers the affair at night, and her husband murders her: the boy unwittingly gives away Baines to the police, and the sum total of this is a kind of petrification within him. A sentence in the story suddenly opens up a desolate, dilettante vista of the future: "Life fell on him with savagery: you couldn't blame him if he never faced it again in sixty years." This gives the story a human context beyond its melodramatic action, a natural development of character and situation. "The old man sixty years later startled his secretary, his only watcher, asking 'Who is she? Who is she?' dropping lower and lower into death, passing on the way perhaps the image of Baines . ."

This, Greene tells us in his introduction, was "quietly changed" during script conferences with Reed. In *The Fallen Idol* Baines does not murder his wife: she slips on the stairs. The child's disillusion is the softer, more incidental one of discovering that his idol's entertaining stories of Africa are fabrications, that Baines is a liar. He retreats, perplexed, from the adult world: in the closing scene, his slow, uncertain walk to greet his returning mother suggests this new bewilderment.

But the film is really inhibited by its biggest *tour de force*—Mr. Reed's handling of the child actor, Bobby Henrey. It would, perhaps, be impossible to find in this country a child of that age who could really *play* the part: instead, a performance had to be constructed from his behaviour in single shots. The skill with which Mr. Reed managed this is extraordinary: but it takes the vividness and directness out of the character (already diminished in the story changes): it heightens the impression given by the boy's disappointment over the untruth of Baines's African stories, that the real tragedy, the love affair and the death, has passed him by. Acute observation of the adult figures might, though, have turned the film into a kind of ironic melodrama of manners, a point made of the child's emotional escape by the diversion of Baines's story-telling. But the treatment makes it clear that the boy was supposed to be involved in the main situation. The girl, white mackintosh and all, remains as shadowy as before, the wife is a definite, commonplace figure of bitterness and jealousy, and only Baines, in Ralph Richardson's excellent performance, emerges as an absorbing person, sad, tired, obliquely tender.

There is not enough in Mr. Greene's notes on these films for one to be able to draw general conclusions on the relationship between writer and film director. But it appears they had mild disagreements over details. Mr. Reed was at first opposed to the pet snake in *The Fallen Idol*, Mr. Greene at first disliked the idea for the final shot of *The Third Man* because he feared the audience might leave their seats too early and go out "under the impression that the ending was as conventional as mine and more drawn-out." Over the latter, Mr. Greene was on seeing the film brought round by Reed's direction, and by the unanticipated discovery of "Mr. Karas, the zither player."

GAVIN LAMBERT

DIE-HARD'S DEFENCE

The Secret Army. By LT.-GEN. T. BOR-KOMOROWSKI. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Hard things have been said of General Komorowski, both by the Russians and by Poles of the Left; and in this book he presents his defence. He does not seek to deny that he and the London Polish Government, to which he gave unfaltering allegiance, strove to abort revolution in Poland: as a professional soldier who belonged by instinct and training to the Poland of the Colonels he could see nothing but a menace to "social discipline" in the activities of the Left-wing National Committee and of the *Armija Ludowa* (People's Army), whose hard core was provided by the Communist Party (P.P.R.), and whose tactics were correlated throughout with the movements of the Red Army. What General Komorowski sets himself to argue is that his, and his Government's, anti-Russian attitude was justified throughout; that the chief (he would almost say the only effective) resistance to the Germans was contributed by his *Armija Krajowa* (Home Army); and that in the tragic events of 1944, when Warsaw's rising was repressed in a holocaust of fire and blood, the population which obeyed his orders fell victims to calculated Russian malevolence.

The final breach in the diplomatic relations between Moscow and the London Poles did not come until April, 1943, when General Kukiel, the Polish Defence Minister, lent his support to the German demand that the International Red Cross should investigate the mass graves of murdered Polish officers unearthed at Katyn. But long before that, Russo-Polish relations had been deteriorating. As early as the autumn of 1941, the Soviet Command had begun organising paru-military operations behind the German lines in Eastern Poland. These bands—partly Russian paratroops, partly Communist-led Polish partisans—played in the field an important role which General Komorowski, somewhat ungenerously, tries to belittle. To him their crime was that they were politically as well as militarily active; and though he protests that the attacks launched on the pro-Soviet partisans in 1942-43 were the work not of the A.K. but of the extremist N.S.Z. (National Armed Forces) not under his command, he makes it clear that between his organisation and the growing People's Army there was, to put it mildly, complete lack of co-operation.

It would be unprofitable at this date to examine in detail General Komorowski's retort to the charge that the Home Army "stalled" in its resistance to the occupation. He submits (pp. 152-4) an impressive list of damage effected by sabotage; and if sometimes he vetoed operations that would have provoked appalling retaliation on a defenceless population, who shall entirely blame him? Let it be conceded that, within the limits of their conception of devotion to an "independent" Poland, Komorowski and his organisation were brave men. They did their best and they suffered terribly. The principal controversy on which this book turns is the Warsaw rising.

By July, 1944, the great offensive launched in June had carried the Red Army through Wilno and Lvov, and its advanced elements were approaching Warsaw. While Mr. Mikolajczyk, with the grudging assent of the London Poles, was bound for Moscow in the hope of reaching a concordat with the Committee of National Liberation, General Komorowski was issuing instructions to the A.K. that they must act only on his orders, co-operate with the Russians only "within the bounds of specific aims," and generally make it clear that the Red Army was their "guest." On July 25th, by which date he judged the German *Heeresgruppe Mitte* to have been decisively broken, he received authority from London to start an insurrection in Warsaw at his discretion. With the rumble of the Red Army's artillery now audible, and news to hand that the Committee of National Liberation was already installed in Chelm, it was decided that the city must be "liberated" at least 12 hours before the Russians arrived "to enable the administrative organs to get together and come out in their full part of host." For this political motive, which General Komorowski does not seek to disguise, the rising began on August 1st. By October 5th it was all over: Warsaw was a heap of rubble and many thousands of its inhabitants were dead.

General Komorowski's charges are that the Russians deliberately halted their advance when they might have forced the Vistula and surrounded Warsaw; and that when the Western Allies, whom he had asked to drop a paraohute brigade from Italy, found they could do little dropping even of supplies without shuttle-bases behind the Russian lines, the Soviet command refused even these facilities. He admits that, during September, the Russians did their best to drop arms and food; but the whole impression he tries to convey is that, as the Vatican charged at the time, the Soviet authorities wanted the Polish "patriots" in Warsaw to be killed off in order to make room for the reliable "comrades" from Lublin. Unfortunately for General Komorowski, there are too many well-established military facts which do not fit his case.

It is true that, in July 1944, the German 4th, 9th and 3rd Panzer armies had been routed; but the 2nd Army had fallen back in fairly good shape. Not only so; apart from the fact that the Russian Centre Group had advanced without pause for nearly 300 miles, thus "stretching" its communications severely, it had the intact *Sud* and *Nord Heeresgruppen* on its flanks. Even if German resistance east of Warsaw could have been broken in August, an advance across the Vistula would have been most hazardous. But, in fact, that resistance was not broken: the arrival of four fresh Panzer divisions under Guderian enabled a successful counter-attack to be delivered, and the Russians were driven out of both Minsk and Siedlce. One of the most curious admissions in this book is that the orders for the rising were not countermanded, although the immensely formidable Hermann Goering Division, withdrawn from Italy, began to march through Warsaw eastwards on July 30th.

I can find nothing in General Komorowski's apologia which controverts the view, expressed by this journal at the time, that the premature Warsaw rising was a madly gallant but deplorable adventure. The idea of dropping paratroops from Italy was fantastic; Allied efforts to drop supplies led to intolerable losses of aircraft; and

though the Russian refusal to co-operate in shuttle-flights may still seem churlish, they could legitimately argue that the rising had been started without any co-ordination with them, and that dropped supplies were almost bound to fall into the hands of the enemy in a city in which the insurrectionists held only isolated blocks. The fact that the Russian radio had long been calling on Poles to "Rise and Fight"—a factor on which General Komorowski greatly relies—is really irrelevant; this was routine Russian political warfare, not an operational signal for specific action.

The Russians, it is quite evident, knew a good deal more of the London Poles than their British hosts seem to have done; and if they and a big proportion of the Polish people came to regard them as Vichyists with no useful part to play in Poland's future, they were more realistic than General Komorowski. He began and ended as a Polish romantic, with a vision of a great Central European State dominated by the old order, with President Raczkiewicz and General Sosnkowski at its head, and stretching from the Oder far into the U.S.S.R. But then the war of 1939–45 was not a romantic war.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,073

Set by R. K. Buchanan

The usual prizes are offered for a tombstone inscription in four lines of rhyming verse on any one of the following: 200 attendant, detective story writer, ticket collector, stockbroker, barrow-boy, dance-hall hostess, tennis champion, crooner, quiz-master. Entries by September 26th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,070

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Reports have recently appeared in the press of the sixty-ninth Annual Meeting of the Channel Tunnel Co., Ltd. Competitors are invited to send in a report, suitable for publication in *The Times*, of the annual meeting of an imaginary company founded to promote any other desirable, but at the moment impracticable, scheme. Limit (which must be strictly observed) 200 words.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

Interplanetary travel, Weather control, Heating schemes, Atmospheric parking, Air islands, Substratospherical sanatoria, Tabloid food, Intellectual syncopation, Indigent Dilettantes Inc.—indeed every kind of near-madness or off-sanity found its expression. This week I have only room to print three first prize winners, to whom £1 1s 0d each. Consolation prizes of 10s 6d to T. E. Caton, G. L. Hardman and A. C. Simmons. The runners-up were H. MacColl, F. M. Sherne, J. B. Jones, S.W.H., J. W. Reid.

The annual general meeting of the Universal Goodwill Exchange Co. is best reported by the chairman's closing speech: according to the information to hand, he said, the international exchange of Goodwill in any but individual sample quantities was rendered impossible by the state of the market which was flooded by unprecedented supplies of well advertised Prejudice; he himself believed the inordinate quantity of this commodity due to national subsidies, and he hoped it would be possible to obtain subsidies for Goodwill, thereby relieving the shareholders who had little expectation of realising any dividend on Goodwill shares already issued. If, however, the company was placed on a national footing instead of remaining an individual enterprise, not only in this country but throughout the hemisphere, he ventured to predict a dividend to delight the austere heart of the Chancellor—however unlikely that eventuality may appear to the sceptical. (*Laughter*).

He concluded enthusiastically with a reference to the surveyors reports which disclosed enormous world-wide reserves of raw materials essential to the creation of Goodwill. Once it was realised, he cried, how easily Goodwill was created and exported, then nothing could restrain the flooding of international markets to the exclusion of less desirable products.

ROYSTON TICKNER

At the annual meeting of the Enterprize Calendar Co., Ltd., the Chairman, Sir Gethin Furst, exhorted every shareholder to write forthwith to his or her M.P., stressing the urgent need of a Bill to bestow names on the still only numbered—and that even no longer *correctly*—months of September, October, November and December. Every moment these months continued unnamed, he stressed, the danger continued that some or other as likely-as-not Communist emulator of Julius or Augustus Caesar might seize the opportunity they afforded of a means of perpetuating their own names—or that of some alien ideology—which would thus go down to posterity. That neither Hitler nor Mussolini had availed themselves of the opportunity could only be regarded as Providential.

N. CARRUTHERS GOULD

The ninth Annual Meeting of the British Clubs Extension (1941) Company was held recently at the Dorchester Hotel. Sir Welkyn Ring, Chairman, welcomed the shareholders on behalf of his fellow-directors. He described the large gathering as a most encouraging sign of the faith in British Institutions still held by so many people. He then reminded the meeting that the Company was formed in 1941, shortly after the invasion of Russia by Germany. Its object was to strengthen the ties between our two countries by the establishment throughout Russia of a chain of British-type Clubs under British ownership. Here, the ordinary Russian citizen would be able to gain some knowledge of the best aspects of our society, for little more than a nominal subscription. He regretted that the response from the Soviet Government had so far been negative, but further representations were being made. In the meantime, the capital raised, amounting to nearly £300,000, had been invested in a Midlands Armaments Firm which was declaring a dividend of five per-cent. He hoped the Meeting would endorse the Directors' prudence.

BEVIS

CHESS: The Gentle Art of Strangulation

No. 53

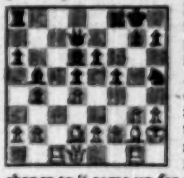
It is all very well to lose a game of chess by some more or less well deserved positional or material disadvantage, but the slow death of suffocation is unmitigated purgatory for him who has to suffer it, while it gives an uncanny sense of power to him who can inflict such punishment on the 64 squares.

I do not know if Danielsson, the noted Swedish master, is particularly allergic to claustrophobia. Surely, he must have suffered from it when (at Zoppot 1935) he found himself in this horribly restricted position against Bogoljubov. Wisely he resigned. No doubt it was sheer relief for him not to have to look at this position any longer.

Strangulation on the chessboard is usually a slow process beginning in a well advanced middle-game. But it can happen at a much earlier stage. Here, hardly out of the opening, is the sad position in which one of Dr. Tarrasch's victims found himself in a simultaneous performance in 1912. Tarrasch sacrificed his B at KB7 and then continued Kt-K6, attacking the literally immobile Q. Obviously, if the Black K took the Kt he would be mated in two moves.

One master who likes to tell a story against himself is Kurt Richter. He claims still to be haunted by nightmares whenever he dreams of this position which Sämisch inflicted on him in 1925. Black, of course, was condemned impotently to mark time while White calmly proceeded to plant his rooks on QR4 and QR6.

A couple of years earlier (at Copenhagen 1923), the victor of that game was on the losing side in what is probably the most famous "strangulation" in chess literature. Nimzovitch was the winner and, never one to put his light under a bushel, he called it "the immortal *Zugzwang* game." He was quite right too; it will be immortal. Here is the position after Nimzovitch's 19 move. By playing (20) P-K4, Sämisch grasped his only chance to "come up for air." Nimzovitch sacrificed a piece by BP x P, and this is what happened.



(21) Q x Kt	R x P	(24) Q-K3	B-Q6
(22) Q-Kt5	QR-KB1	(25) QR-K1	P-R3 ! !
(23) K-R1	R(1)-B4		

Putting White into virtual "*Zugzwang*" on a full board.

In this week's competition both problems are far from easy, and if they are to rate a mere 5 points each some more-than-broad hints would seem to be required. In A—White to mate in 3—part of this week's theme is vaguely reflected. I will only add one word: *Zugzwang!* As for B—White to mate in 13 (thirteen!)—this shouldn't be nearly as difficult as it looks, if competitors will bear in mind that it all boils down to a sort of race between a certain White and a certain Black piece.

A: W. Mirschenr 1949

B: Shinkmann-Würzburg, 1909

Usual prizes. Entries by September 25th.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 19

A: (1) R-Q3 ch, K-K1. (2) R-KB3, K-Q7. (3) B-B1 etc. (If 2. K-Q8, (3) P-Kt4.

B: (1) Kt-Q4 ch, K-Q6. (2) Kt-K6, R-B3. (3) Kt-QB1 ch, K-B1. (4) Kt-Q7, R-Q3. (5) Kt-K8 ch, K-Kt4. (6) Kt-B8, K-Q1. (7) Kt-R7 ch, K-R3. (8) K x R, R-R1 ch. (9) K-K2, R-Kt1 ch. (10) K-B1, R-Kt8 ch. (11) K x R, K x Kt. (12) K-B2, K-Kt5. (13) K-K3, K-B4. (14) K-Q3 etc.

Considering that both these pieces—particularly B—were far from easy, there was a surprising number of correct or near correct entries. Prizes shared by Eric Allan, J. H. Frankland, G. Roblin, Fritjof Selander. Some correspondents, inspired by the "pocket-Knight," mentioned further quaint offshoots of the game. I may revert to this some other time.

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